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covered with a beautiful verdure, we dined. It was three o'clock, and the day was extremely fine. We spread two table-cloths on the grass, and a variety of meat, now rendered more delicious by the exercise, of which we had partaken so liberally in the course of the morning: then placed ourselves all around. I never saw a dinner so truly enjoyed. A smile sat on every countenance, and a laugh was at every one's service. We drank our wine out of tin porringers, and our meat off wooden trenchers. After dinner the girls began to sing with a very pleasing effect; and afterwards danced on the green. We perceived a neighbouring gentleman approaching with three servants; he asked leave to join us, which being readily granted, he added much to the glee and good humour of the party. About two hours after another gentleman with four servants, joined us. He said he saw the dance from the top of the mountain, and that we put him in mind of what he had heard of fairies dancing by moon-light. All sorts of diversions now went forward. Our party had increased to fifty-one persons, and the utmost happiness seemed to be enjoyed by every individual. Such recreations, abounding with joy, innocence and love, may well be envied by the rich and powerful, to whose breasts peaceful and solid joys are so often strangers, and who, amid the glare of wealth and honors, often spend days of weariness, and nights of care. At six o'clock, we parted with much reluctance. Our separation, however, was cheered by a hope that we might meet again to enjoy the company of one another, in some such pleasing scenes. We once more followed the course of the Baun, and ob-

served in passing along a stream falling into it, that ran beautifully over rocks of fine mountain jasper. We reached our horses in safety, and got home at nine o'clock.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

THE following letter was written in the year 1777, by Hugh M'Aulay Boyd, a gentleman of considerable talents, whom the impudence of London printers has lately attempted to palm upon a public; equally inquisitive and credulous, as the real owner of the name of Junius, the substantial author of those letters, to which, as a caveat to vain curiosity, has been prefixed the sublime and mysterious motto, "STAT NOMINIS UMBRA." A pert proficient in the printing trade, resolved to stimulate without satisfying curiosity, and to keep the different parts of his manufactory always at work, takes up some name, (such as this one of Mr. Boyd), not generally known, but where known, well thought of, then sets one of his literary mechanics to the task, who, by the help of a few anecdotés, a few letters, a few trifling coincidences, works up a theory of six shillings value, ascertaining *beyond contradiction*, the author of Junius; and surely *he* will not ascend from the grave to smile contemptuously at the falsehood.* The majesty of darkness covers him round, and will, I believe, for ever mock the

* It is a common practice on the Continent to frame or forge, with ingenious verisimilitude, "Letters," "Memoirs," &c. and send them forth, under names of celebrity. Such formerly were the Letters ascribed to Pope Ganganelli, and of late, the Letters constructed for Madame Du Deffand, Madame Espinasse, &c. The Memoirs of Prince Eugene seem to issue from the same mint of mind, and it is

most sedulous and sagacious of political or literary inquisitors.

In the solution of this literary problem, the *guess* is best directed to Gerard Hamilton, a man of powers but partially discovered, (like a rich mine found, and then lost); rarely appearing in public, but when appearing, exquisitely elaborate; now dazzling all eyes with the splendid effulgence, then, for long periods, retiring into dark and frigid solitude; a man who was well and deeply initiated in his knowledge of courtiers, and in the personalities of cabinet; a man who made a rapid rise, and as rapid a decline in political distinction; who was supplanted by the versatile and omnifarious Burke; and who, although he had determined to give utterance to the discontent, "*alta mente repositum*," yet from personal reasons, might have been induced to put on an impenetrable masque, least his character might be blasted by his former associations, and perhaps from his insight into human nature, that his real name would lessen the dignity of his assumed one, and his literary

shameful to see what praise such a miserable picture of humanity, (whether true or false), has extracted from philosophic and philanthropic reviewers. One specimen is enough. "Nothing," says this hero, "could be more *brilliant* or more *sanguinary*. How strangely one may find amusement amidst scenes of the greatest horror! I shall never forget the appearance and grimaces of the Jews, who were compelled to throw into the Danube, the bodies of twelve thousand men, killed on both sides, to spare the trouble and expense of burying them." If these memoirs be authentic, it will appear, that many of the great exploits, and famous battles of those days were decided by the help of *gold*, rather than by *steel*. Brave armies fought and fell at the mercy of spies and courtizans. "I made presents," says Eugene. "There is scarcely any thing but what may be bought in England."

fame would dwindle with the developement of the mystery. There appears then a coincidence between the text of Junius' Letters, and the *context* of this man's life and character.

Were any intrinsic evidence wanting, to prove that Mr. Boyd was not the author of Junius, the following letter would supply it, and his extravagant admiration of Burke expressed in a part of it, would strengthen the conclusion. Yet this was the era of Burke's life to be admired and respected. As for Boyd, he was not remarkable so much for any original genius, as for having what may be called a *tasteful memory*. He was imbued with the light of liberty from the luminaries of the metropolis, and this light he gave out again in the dark corners of the country. He repeated the orations of Burke, and of Fox, and of Lord Chatham, and the audience were willingly astonished with the *mimetic* thunder and lightning. This letter of his contains an anecdote or two, and some reflected flashes of eloquence, which appear worth preserving in a repository of literary scraps.

We may perhaps be led, by the perusal, to look back to the situation, at that time, both of this *country*, and of this *country*; and then draw either the comparison or the contrast with our present inertness, or indifference, both as electors, and as members of the empire. At that time, a representative was returned, (in spite of those junctions of personal interests, whose object it is to convert a sound county into a rotten borough), free of expense, and (still more) was supported in parliament by the voluntary contributions of his constituents. Mr. Boyd was at that time the lawyer employed, and served the public cause well, both with his tongue, and with his pen, in a series of well-written let-

ters, subscribed, "A Freeholder." His superiority on every occasion to the counsellor on the opposite side, was manifest. Mr. Dunkin appeared a knowing attorney, rather than an intelligent lawyer; yet, when these antagonists sought for fortune and fame in India, this same Mr. Dunkin worked his way to the second seat on the bench, and the honour of knight-hood; while Boyd, a man of great endowments, and attended with large expectations, whether by not having furnished himself with an East Indian conscience, or from want of patronage, or from private imprudencies, dwindled at length into the publisher of a periodical paper, and died in the midst of increasing embarrassments. Such is the *Phantasmagoria* of human life, nor do I wish to draw any resemblance that may have taken place between the downward fame of the county, and the declining character of the individual.

With respect to the *country* at large, and particularly its relation to America, the following letter was penned just before one great crisis, and this empire seems now to be on the eve of another, and both occasioned principally by the interference of France. Much is it to be feared, that the same systematic perverseness which drove America to the necessity of constitutional, may force her, less unwillingly, to the practical display of commercial independence, that is, a self-dependence founded on the product of her own agriculture, and the increasing activity and supply, of her own manufactures. I well know that analogies between the individual and the nation are often more fanciful than philosophical; yet America, in its adolescence when the letter was written, is advancing fast to the maturity of manhood. While the whole Western world is labouring

with change and revolution, and the United States are about to command its destinies, "by an enlarged philanthropy, and an enlightened forecast," a ministry of "existing circumstances," without views, either retrospective, or prospective, are continuing the very same system of provocation which was pursued in the year 1777, and pertinaciously repeating the same process in alienating IRELAND, which once before dissevered the empire, and lost AMERICA.

A. P.

London, Norfolk-St. Feb. 28th, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for your very friendly letter, which I received the beginning of this month: and which I should certainly sooner have acknowledged, if I had time or matter to send you a letter, such as you pay me the compliment of expecting. But my time has been very little my own, lately at least; among other reasons from the hurry of removing from the country to our present residence in London, an operation which even in small families is attended with not a little trouble.

As to materials for writing, the political world, instead of its usual fruitfulness of events in this busy season of the year, has been almost barren. At best, the few matters that are brought forth, are of such uncertain nature and appearance, that they may rather be called false conceptions, than any thing to decide or depend on. When a ship arrives from America, pregnant as the public expect with intelligence, the ministerial midwives contrive at least to maim it, if not stifle it in its birth; or if they cannot effect that, they swathe and swaddle it so in their gazette,—cradle of state, that it is impossible to discover it clearly or satisfactorily. And this unfairness,